

Life

NOVEMBER 29, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS



Hearts Aflame

Demuth Bruyère

The Finest



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STYLE NO. 843

Age-mellowed, specially
treated and thoroughly
seasoned Italian Bruyère.
Fashioned by master
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Exquisitely finished.
Unconditionally
Guaranteed

Obtainable from better
shops at six dollars

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
New York

World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes



THE "powers that be" ruled that there should be no more LIFE Calendars. But the office boy decided that he needed some for Christmas presents.

He went after the subscription department with the argument that a large number of subscribers depended on them for the same purpose.

He began whispering around the advertising department—he dropped a few honeyed words of flattery to the art department—he persuaded the accounting department to pass the bills and—

Well, we have another LIFE Calendar—6 splendid colored plates, beautifully printed on fine card stock—for \$1.00.

This Calendar will be sold only by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
598 Madison Avenue
New York



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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
QUALITY
AS FINE AS THE STYLE

Life

Sea Horses

IF Tommy were a pixie—a tiny water-pixie,
And dwelt amid the trailing moss in coral-
circled dales,
He says that he would wander,
Here, there, and over yonder,
To catch the wee sea horses, with slim and
twining tails.

He's gazed at them in pictures, in brightly tinted
pictures,
Their tails wound 'round the seaweed, in many a
misty glade—
Enchanting little creatures,
With softly shining features,
Like little carven chessmen, of ebony or jade.

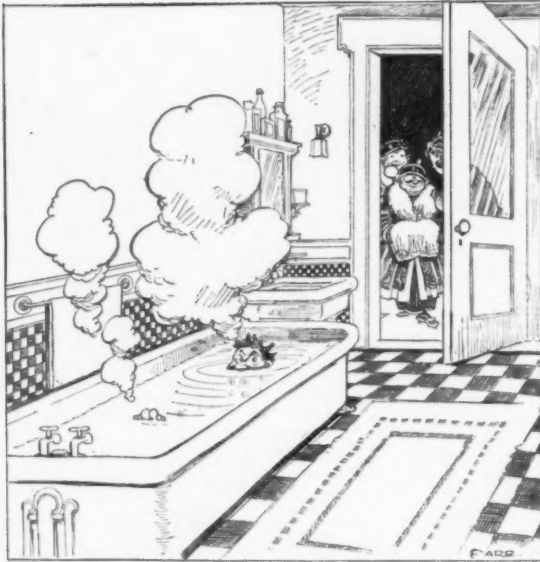
If Tommy could but tame one—could catch and pet
and tame one,
He'd saddle him and bridle him and take him for
a ride,
Or hitch him to a shallop,
And far away they'd gallop,
Among the rainbow dolphins, across the tossing tide.

But Tommy's not a pixie—a tiny water-pixie
To ride upon the shining tide, where dolphins dance
and gleam,
And so in wintry weather,
For hours and hours together,
Beside the dog-eared picture book he loves to drowse
and dream.

James J. Montague.



SIGNS MEAN NOTHING TO THOSE WHO CAN'T READ



"YES, GIRLS, THE ENTIRE APARTMENT IS A PERFECT LITTLE GEM—NOW I JUST WANT YOU TO SEE OUR DANDY BATH BEFORE YOU GO—"

My Husband Says

THAT the Ladies' Tuesday Club is a wonderful institution, for nearly one hundred men in our city almost know where their wives are for two whole afternoons every month.

I think the club is awfully instructive, too.

Our President looks stunning in the chair and everybody says she is a born leader. My husband says you would know that just to look at her husband.

And we have three vice-presidents and a study class and lots of committees and chairmen and everything.

Last week we had a lesson day on making dress forms. They are ever so simple. You just stuff a waist to make it look like your own form and varnish it to make it firm. The teacher said you can easily build your gowns on it.

My husband said he should think it would be discouraging, not to say terrifying, to most of the ladies to see a facsimile of their torsos standing in front of them, especially if they were varnished.

But the teacher said, "It now rests with you ladies to astonish even Paul Poiret with the originality of your designs."

My husband says that Paul Poiret was all through the World War and nothing could astonish him.

L. Blanche Simpson.



A CASE OF HEREDITY

"YOU LOOK LIKE A GOOD RISK, MRS. MALONE, BUT WILL YOU KINDLY TELL ME WHAT YOUR FATHER DIED OF?"

"OI CAN'T RIGHTLY REMIMBER AS TO THOT, SUR, BUT SURE IT WAS NOTHING SERIOUS."



THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX



Smith's Prayer

O LOOMING future, through whose gate
My errant soul must drift,
One boon alone I ask of Fate,
One sole and single gift.
If, as Pythagoreans claim,
We re-created be,
Please, when you next select my name,
Don't pick out Smith for me.

Make me a Snodgrass if you will,
And I'll revere my kith,
But do not roll another pill
Of bitterness like Smith.
For Smiths are as the purple sand
That lies beside the sea,
And none but Smiths can understand
Life's anonymity.

Not that it greatly casts me down
To be not known apart,
But oh, the sneers of Jones and Brown
It is that breaks my heart.
Make me a Snodgrass, I repeat
In most emphatic tones,
That I, when next we chance to meet,
May sneer at Brown and Jones.

George S. Chappell.



What to Talk About

A REMARKABLE book with the above title has just been published to help people over the rough spots when they first meet each other. It tells how to draw people out by adroit questions, and it very rightly states that "there is no surer permanent passport to worthwhile friendship, to the companionship of cultivated people, and to success in life than the ability to converse readily and intelligently." For instance, if you meet an architect you can immediately make him interested in you by these tactful inquiries:

Is it an extravagance for the builder of a home to hire an architect?

Doesn't a good bricklayer take the place of an architect? Should a tea-room be decorated rococo?

Where should a cellar be in the average sized home?

The splendid opening you'd secure with any architect is too obvious to need elaboration. "What to Talk About" tells you exactly how to start the ball rolling with Accountants, Hired Men, Brokers, Commission Agents, Florists, Waiters, Taxi Drivers, Retailers, Osteopaths, Trolley Officials and many others whom you are likely to meet at any moment without warning. It covers almost every conceivable emergency, but truth compels me to state that there are one or two rather important omissions, which I take pleasure in supplying out of my own personal experiences. For instance, on meeting an Official of the Liquor Association, any one of the following would make a good opening:

Is Prohibition good for your business?

What's become of all the old bartenders?

Do you believe in light fines or years?

When presented to a Police Commissioner for the first time a lasting impression can be made upon him by the following queries:

Is graft increasing in your Department?

Why are Burglary Insurance Rates rising so rapidly?

Is a murderer safer here than in the Balkans?

With any of these questions you will immediately elicit replies completely proving that you have interested your audience. And you can always use the running shoes that are given with each copy of the book.

Percy Waxman.

Advertisements of the Future

THREE generations of America have discussed politics over MAYER'S OLD-FASHIONED SARSAPARILLA.

* * *

We keep a full supply of GRANDMOTHER'S FAVORITE BRAND rouge, lip-sticks, paint and maspero.

* * *

711 TOBACCO—the kind your mother used to smoke.

* * *

See a quiet, thoughtful burlesque show at the Apollyon, the way your granddad used to do.

* * *

Be a typical American. Live in one of our regular American homes; two rooms and kitchenette (with sink).

How Tommy Catenary Lost His Sin α w

A Bedtime Story by a Mathematician

THERE was a great bustle in the big woods that night when little Jimmy Polygon peered out of the fourth dimension just as old Gibbous, the Moon, lit his pale lantern. For a long time Tommy Catenary had lain quiet in the hollow tree listening to Aunt Hypotenuse and Uncle Binomial chewing a lot of square roots. He remembered the words of Daddy Triangle (who had had an attack of analytical analysis and couldn't walk). "Don't let me catch you playing with those common divisors again; for if I do I'll lay you across my parabola and paddle you well!" Not that Tommy Catenary was afraid. Oh, no! But he recollected how Jimmy Polygon had threatened to take his sin α w away from him. And he loved his little sin α w.

Suddenly Aunt Hypotenuse looked down at him. "Shake a leg there, Tommy Catenary," she cried, "and run over to the fourth dimension and borrow Miss Corollary's altitude." Tommy Catenary didn't want to go, but just then Uncle Binomial bit off such a big piece of cube root, and glowered so



Mr. Jones: WELL, I GUESS THAT HIT THE NAIL ON THE THUMB.

(Seen in the Daily Item.)

Mysterious Accident

Mr. Amos Jones, well-known resident of Belle Terre, was found unconscious in the street in front of his residence at 7.01 P.M. yesterday. A passing motorist rushed him to the Emergency Hospital where he has not regained consciousness. It is believed he was hit by a truck.

fiercely at Tommy that he scampered off clippity-clippity. Now, when poor little Tommy rounded the corner of the fourth dimension, out jumped bad Jimmy Polygon, and Tommy was so scared that he dropped his sin α w, and

what do you think? Jimmy Polygon pounced right on it. Yes, siree.

(To-morrow I shall tell you all how Willie Calculus found the Cider, and drank an unknown quantity.)

David McCord.



The Well-dressed Woman: I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO CHANGE ALL MY CLOTHES. MY SHOES HURT ME.

Europe Inside Out

Souder Gives First-Hand Information on Conditions Abroad

WASHINGTON, November 24.—Never has any Congress assembled more tully equipped to deal with world affairs, more competent to save Europe from itself and us from it, than the one that is impending. And of all the travelers who have made a study of the ills abroad, none, I feel, has done his work more thoroughly than I myself.

That my journey to Europe was not more widely heralded throughout the country was due to a slight misadventure with baggage labels.

I had prepared a very comprehensive interview for my departure touching on the price of wheat, the prospects for 1924, the disruption of Germany, coal, and myself. But on boarding the ship I found that somehow I had put the wrong labels on the baggage, so that the steamer trunk containing our necessary equipment for the voyage had been sent to the hold, whereas the large black leather affair, in which Mrs. Souder always puts the useless odds and ends she thinks we may need, completely filled the cabin.

WHAT with my own discomfiture and quieting Mrs. S., the reporters got ashore without my interview. And as the only two matters of real importance in a statesman's travels are his statement to the press upon departing, and his statement to the press upon returning, I felt actually sick at heart to think that my country would find my name only among "others sailing."

On top of that, rumor spread through the ship, shortly before docking in England, that the quota for Senators returning to the United States was virtually filled for the next three months. In fact, there were said to be only two vacancies left. Knowing that Hiram Johnson was booked to sail for home in a few days, and that he would very likely insist on having himself counted as two, I lost no time, upon landing, in hurrying to the shipping offices.

Fortunately, I was able to obtain passage on a vessel sailing that very night.

This, to be sure, shortened my time available for surveying Europe, but understanding fully the routine for such work, I felt that it was ample.

Hurrying at once to 10 Downing Street, I sent in my card to Mr. Baldwin, who was out—a fact which, I felt, was illuminating of official life throughout Europe.



"THERE WAS A SLIGHT MISADVENTURE WITH BAGGAGE LABELS."

But I wished, too, to feel the pulse of the business world. A luncheon under the auspices of the Central Heating Manufacturers, Ltd., who happened to be in convention that week, gave me the opportunity. The salesmen's speeches, such as, "How to Overcome the National Prejudice Against Keeping Warm," afforded me a vivid insight into the British business man's attitude toward economic conditions.

BUT it is the opinion of the man in the street that is most vital in gathering European impressions. I therefore hailed a cabby, dozing on his box across the street, and when he had got his vehicle in motion and threaded his way to my side, asked him whether he thought the League of Nations was functioning as well as its founders had hoped it would function.

I had no idea that the League was so utterly in disrepute abroad that the mere mention of it could stir such strong emotions in a simple cabman's breast.

By now I had no more than time to send a few picture postcards back home and hurry for my ship. Yet I felt thoroughly satisfied with the study of conditions I had made, and when the debate turns to Europe during the coming session of Congress, I shall be as competent to speak with the authority of first-hand knowledge as any there.

Souder.

Aren't the Irish Just —?

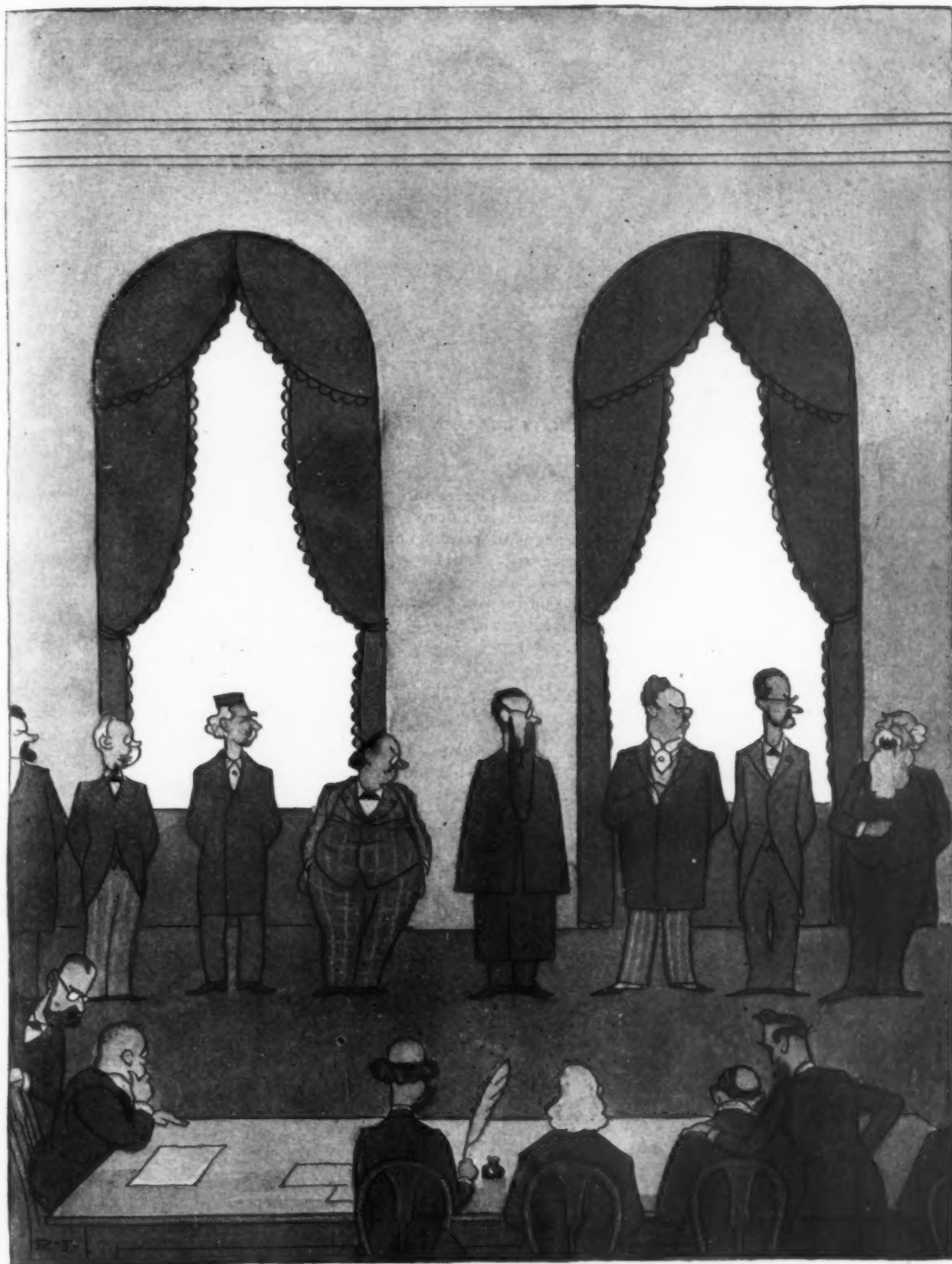
WHO says that the Irish have no sense of humor? After fighting for centuries against English rule, their chief grievance being that they were forced to send out of the country millions of pounds annually as rent paid to non-resident landlords, they have got the land and self-government, and they are now going to borrow many millions from English bankers, for which they will pay about as much in interest every year as they formerly paid as rent. The joke is on the stupid Englishmen, who instead of getting rent will have to take interest.

FIRST TURKEY: Thanksgiving isn't what it used to be.

SECOND TURKEY: You said a mouthful.



"I HAD NO IDEA IT COULD STIR SUCH STRONG EMOTIONS IN A SIMPLE CABMAN'S BREAST."



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY SEEK TO ASCERTAIN IF "HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST."



Captain: MISS IT 'N' YA'LL GET A SOCK IN THE NOSE.

The Man About Town

HE always knows the smartest restaurant and the newest cabaret, and at dinner invariably insists upon speaking French to the Bulgarian headwaiter.

He attends opening nights rather to view the audience than the play itself.

His visits to his club are more a matter of form than of volition.

He may be frequently seen passing through the lobbies of the leading hotels.

He knows the name of practically every maitre d'hôtel in town, and is intimately acquainted with numberless ticket-speculators, fight promoters, bucket-shop owners and bootleggers.

Now and then he is apt to become in-

terested in some concern introducing a new cigarette or soft drink.

He possesses an incredible number of colored silk handkerchiefs.

He is constantly talking of taking a trip around the world, but never gets farther from town than a couple of hours' motor run.

He is unmarried.

Creative English

BUDDY (aged eight): We're goin' to have chicken for dinner.

HIS YOUNGER SISTER: How do you know?

BUDDY: I oversmelled it in the kitchen.

Life Lines

THE Fascist movement has spread to Japan, where it will deal firmly with the next earthquake.

Only 130 varieties of honey are recognized by the U. S. Government, proving that our popular song writers have exceeded their quota.

Two professors at Johns Hopkins University have estimated that by the year 2000 New York will have a population of 29,000,000.

In anticipation of this growth the Transit Commission has decided to double the number of straps in subway cars.

Our club treasurer reports that the American public is in no danger of being posted for non-payment of Duse.

It is suggested that colleges start courses for landlords to teach them how to collect rents. Perhaps it would be simpler, however, to teach tenants how to pay them.

Holiday supplies from the rum fleet are reported to be coming ashore on a veritable Yule tidal wave.

There are 14,000,000 automobiles in the United States, 13,988,673 of which are at this moment looking for a place to park.

The foreign policy of the Coolidge administration appears to be based on the theory that half aloof is better than none.



RELATIVITY



Tough Kid (to little boy): OH! 'S THAT YOUR FATHER AN' MOTHER?—YOU DON'T SAY! GEE! YOU CERTAINLY AIN'T NO ORPHAN, HUH, KID?

A Plea for Accuracy

THERE is nothing like exactness, even in romance-writing. It would seem, from such banal expressions as, "The man was half-mad"—"A half-dead thing"—"With a smile half-sad, half-joyous," that story writers have been so schooled in fractions, they only "know the half of it, dearie."

What a thrilling novelty if a novelist should spring this one on us:

"The man rose from his seat, *quarter-crazed*."

Or,

"When they found the girl, she was *three-eighths-dead*."

Or,

"Marcia smiled, a smile *four-elevenths* of joy, *seven-elevenths* of sadness."

Or,

"Peter was drunk, very drunk—*one-and-five-eighths-drunk*."

Acting on this brilliant thought, we have founded a Fractional School of Literary Expression. Any one wishing to take a course therein may send us his matriculation fee, immediately; on receipt of which, we will dispatch said sender his first lesson, plus one emotional ruler free of charge.

Cyril B. Egan.

Between the Acts

"MOTHER, why are all the men going out?"
"Oh, just to see if Prohibition is over."



Teacher: WHAT RAW MATERIAL DOES AMERICA EXPORT TO CHINA?

Pupil: MISSIONARIES.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

November 22nd Lay late, reading in the public prints, and marking as another sign of advancing age that I do now occasionally glance at the editorials, albeit I find little in them to enlighten me or alter my point of view on the fundamentals of life, which is much the same as when I first formed it. Lord! in these talked-of times, my generation is strictly in the middle path, old enough to deplore a child with the cocktyle habit, and young enough to believe that English literature did not die with the Victorians....Lydia Loomis and Gwen Hamilton to luncheon with me, and not enough sherry, as usual, in the crabmeat, so I did call for Katie to hand round the bottle, in hopes that cook would mark it, there being some points that arbitration can never settle. And Gwen did tell us how her new infant was born twenty minutes before midnight by daylight saving time, leaving her in some doubt as to its birthdate, which so stirred Lydia that she offered to finance an expedition to a numerologist, and I myself do consider the question grave, and were I Gwen I had liefer go by the sun than the laws of the state of New York.

November 23rd All the morning gone in wrapping Christmas packages, and those for London and Paris are off, and the others ready for the post, thank God. Nor can I count on a placid Christmas Eve, at that, forasmuch as my husband, poor wretch, involves himself

annually at the last minute, and the entire household is required to disentangle him. But I need not go to the shops any more, which I am glad of, for the hideous objects on display depress me deeply. There has been much discourse of late as to what this country needs, and wide divergence of opinion on the point. What this country needs, to my notion, is a department of Æsthetics in the Presidential Cabinet, and to it I would have the merchants submit all wares for the holiday trade, and then would the land be rid of art book-ends and door-stops and similar outrageous duffle forever. And whom would you have appointed as Secretary of Æsthetics? quoth Samuel when I told him my views. George Santayana would be no slouch, I responded, quaking inwardly through momentary doubt as to his exact nationality. But it went well enough.

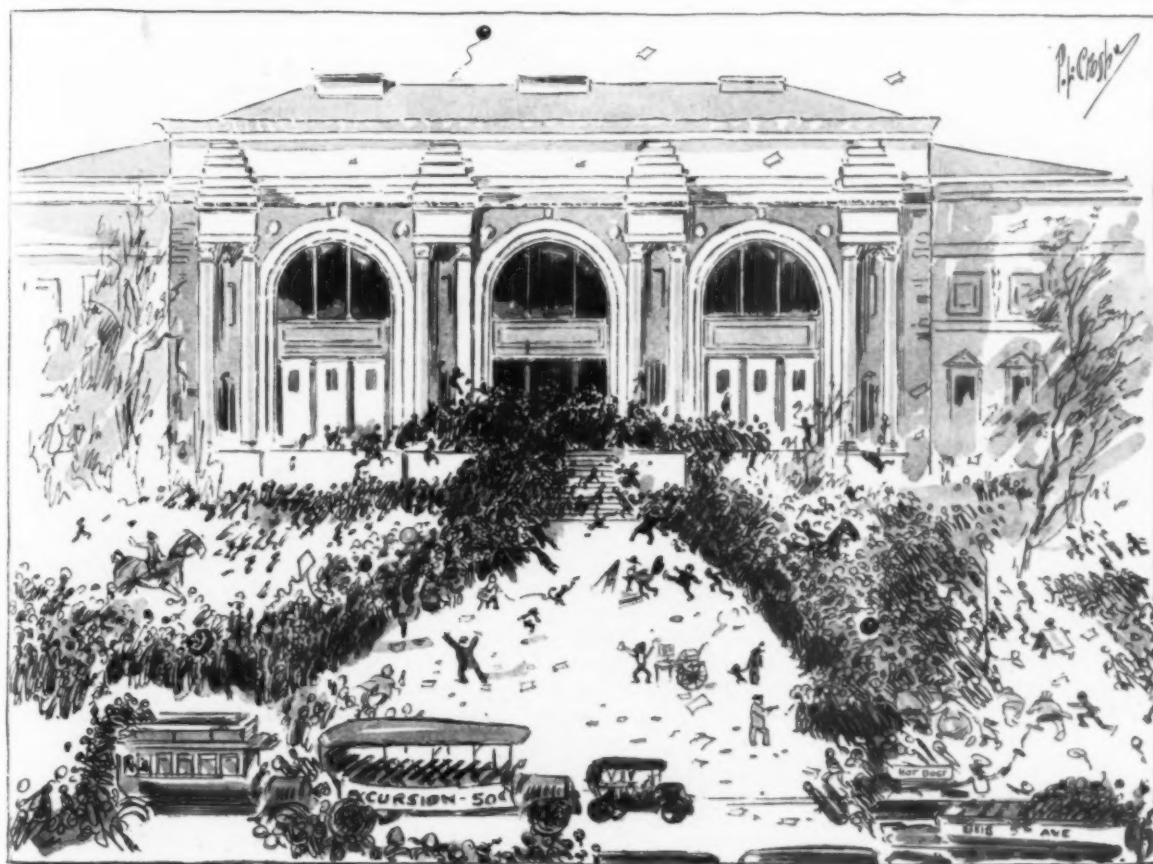
November 24th Up and in a great rage upon discovering that Kate Mitchell, who dined with us last night, had absconded with my lip stick, nor can I see why women commit such larceny so carelessly, but Lord! they are equalled by the men when it comes to matches, for it is all we can do to keep any in the house, and I do think seriously of chaining the boxes we place about after the manner of combs and brushes in Pullmans....This day I did lay out sixty dollars on a pair of earrings, and I pray that Sam will not ask me their price. *Baird Leonard.*



"THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I'M GOING TO REPORT IT TO THE GREENS COMMITTEE—THOSE ELEPHANT GIRLS SHOULD BE BARRED FROM THE COURSE."



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEFORE AND—



AFTER THE RUMOR THAT ITS REMBRANDTS ARE FAKES.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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OF many voices heard on Armistice Day one got far more attention than all the others.

It was not a strong voice.

It seemed to have trouble with the radio machine, but it got across, and the sentiments it expressed were very positive. They were not complimentary to the United States. "When victory was won," it said, "we turned our backs upon our associates and refused to bear any responsible part in the administration of peace. We withdrew into a sullen and selfish isolation, manifestly cowardly and dishonorable. We shall inevitably be forced by the moral obligation of freedom to retrieve that fatal error and assume once more the rôle of courage, self-respect and helpfulness which every true American must wish and believe to be our true part in the affairs of the world."

So Mr. Wilson, on the night of November 10, and the next day, to a great throng of people who came to his house, he said something more: "I am not one of those that have the least anxiety about the triumph of the principles I have stood for. I have seen fools resist Providence before, and I have seen their destruction, as will come upon these again—utter destruction and contempt! That we shall prevail is as sure as that God reigns!"

These were all very definite observations. They expressed sentiments which seem to be widely shared and which may prove the leading issue in the coming presidential campaign. They put the blame of the present troubles in this world on the only country on which it is safe for an American to put it. To be sure Mr. Wilson said that France and Italy between them had scrapped the Treaty, but he did not dwell on

that. He dwelt on the failure of the United States to do its part to make the Treaty good. That was the only kind of blame that coming from an American could do any good. American opinion about the deportment of various governments of Europe is thought to be so important that the greatest efforts are constantly made in behalf of those governments to influence it. The French put their case forward; the Germans theirs; the English are not above talking to us about Great Britain and her troubles. But politically speaking the only side that we can take in international affairs is the side of peace as universal as may be, and as nearly permanent as can be contrived.



OUR government at present would like to talk reparations with the other governments concerned. France has so limited the discussion that Mr. Hughes has concluded that it would not pay to have it on her terms. Still there ought to be discussion, and possibly there may be at least some side talk with Italy and England. But if not, there must be something else. France seems entirely satisfied that she can take care of herself, but she does not undertake to take care of Germany. Where her provisions for her own safety and her own solvency conflict with the existence of the Germans she leaves it to Providence to look out for Germany, and doubtless Providence will accept the commission and draw on the most convenient agents to discharge it. That seems to mean in particular Uncle Sam, an expert in international relief, whose next exploit it must be apparently to see that the Germans do

not starve between now and their next harvest.

That will be done, no doubt. Mr. Coolidge has it on his mind and Congress will respond. But it is only a temporary relief. The big question is how to put Germany in the way of making a living again and fixing up her currency system so that it will hold money. Whether France has ruined Germany or her own masters have ruined her is something that admits of much discussion, but ruined she is for the present, and if she is not to remain so, the countries most concerned by her collapse must bring her first aid.



IT is no trouble to find agreement in this country wherever citizens gather that we are accumulating far too many laws that limit freedom. There is altogether too much interference with life; too much ordering of it; too much concern about opinions; too much meddling with free speech; too many exactions about education; too persistent effort to standardize the American people. The opposition to these operations is rising. The genius of the nation seems to be instinctively rebelling against them. The forms which the rebellion takes are not edifying. The Ku Klux is not edifying, neither are the bootleggers. The Ku Klux is mainly due to suppression of free discussion in the newspapers. It is the fallible and objectionable expression of the idea that American civilization is in bonds and needs to be liberated. The bootleggers' activity and the toleration of it in these parts is evidence that the Volstead law in its present form is a mistake. It is proving to be the most demoralizing statute ever put on the books of the United States. It does harm to public order. It does great harm to public and private character. It far exceeds the Prohibition amendment in its prohibitions, and flouts the wishes of millions of voters in the restraints it attempts to put on legitimate habits of orderly and responsible citizens.

The Volstead law is a tyrannous abomination. It is one expression of a contemporary craze to standardize human life and make character by eliminating temptation. But that can never be done. Character is not made in that way.

E. S. Martin.





Emergency measure to revive the waning influ



aning influence of the church in the community.



Good, Clean Fun

WE always feel like a depraved old rounder for not laughing at Fred Stone. Here is a splendid fellow, with a genial and ingratiating presence, obviously a comedian to make honest folk laugh, and we sit there, like Scrooge at a Christmas party, with never so much as a smile crossing our hard features. We wish him all the luck in the world, and get a certain sanitary satisfaction out of watching him, but, for us, there is such a thing as clean fun reaching a point of cleanliness where it is practically sterile. This is unquestionably a reflection on our personal character and we feel it keenly.

Of course, part of the trouble may lie in the fact that the book to a Fred Stone show is always so perfectly terrible. It evidently doesn't have to be good, for year after year he comes in with a worse set of lines and lyrics than ever before, and each year the show is a tremendous success. You can't blame Mr. Dillingham for not trying to change his luck. All he has to have is Fred Stone.

But when, in one evening, you are asked to re-digest such lines as "You can always tell a married woman, but you can't tell her much." "Have you any lady-fingers?" "No, but I have pigeon toes." "What does a plumber think about love?" "Oh, he thinks it's a pipe." "He thought he was a big gun, so I fired him"—well, we ask you.

It isn't that the jokes are old. It is the banality of the whole thing, the inference that if a line is bad, you won't notice it if it is accompanied by a grimace and a knocking of the knees together. You always hear that a Stone show is ideal for children, and so it is, chiefly because if a child is young enough it all seems new to him.



NOW we have said it. We have said what we think about a Fred Stone show and we feel as if we had knocked our mother. And especially callous is it to knock "The Stepping Stones," because this new show possesses a sentimental value which almost renders it immune from criticism, through the presence of young Miss Dorothy Stone appearing for the first time in company with her father and dancing as only a young Stone could dance. It is a thrilling experience to see them together, Stone *père* fairly bursting with pride and Stone *fille* fulfilling at every turn of the knee all the fondest dreams that her parents could possibly have had for her dancing future. It is worth going to "The Stepping Stones" to see, and probably if you have led a clean life and are still a child in mind, you will enjoy the whole show. As for us, we were willing to cry a little at

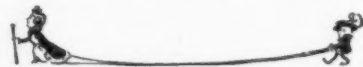
the sight of the two stepping together; but, try as we might, we couldn't laugh.



THIS evidence of our essential depravity in the face of good, clean fun is made only the more convincing by the fact that we enjoyed "Spring Cleaning" from beginning to end. Here is the very antithesis of good, clean fun. It is a super-sophisticated, brazen and what is known as "frank" play. There is not one character in it who would be worth knowing in real life, unless perhaps it is the prostitute. And yet it is written with a respect for the audience's intelligence and has an easy humor which brought a pleasant glow to this sin-hardened heart.

Even if the play had been poor, there would still have been the glow in the presence of such finished and graceful acting as that of A. E. Mathews, late hero of "Bull-Dog Drummond" and now *cad de luxe*. Mr. Mathews and our own Arthur Byron make acting a distinct pleasure to watch, regardless of the lines they have to speak. As if this were not enough for one cast, we have Estelle Winwood and Violet Heming, the former in possession of the most remarkable pair of utility eyes on the American stage, together with an uncanny ability at characterization, and the latter so lovely pictorially that one is almost likely to forget that she is also a good actress.

It is, therefore, difficult to draw the line in "Spring Cleaning" and sense where the acting values stop and the play-writing values begin, but the general effect is one of having seen a smart play extremely well done.



WE don't get around much among royalty, what with having to go to the theatre so much and commuting into the bargain, but from what we have seen in the illustrated weeklies there never was a princess one-half so beautiful as Ethel Barrymore as *H. R. H. Princess Amelia*—nor one anywhere near so like a princess. That is almost all that we remember about "A Royal Fandango," except that after a delightful first act, the play went romping off by itself and never did come back. We don't know to this day what became of it, or of the old Zoë Akins touch which disappeared at the same time, but somehow we don't care. We may just spend the rest of our time fomenting a revolution to overthrow Calvin Coolidge and set up a Barrymore dynasty.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Casanova. *Empire*—Costumed courting by Lowell Sherman.

Chains. *Playhouse*—A serious look at the problem of the wild-oat harvest.

The Crooked Square. *Hudson*—Unintentionally amusing.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—Walter Hampden's successful revival of one of the world's most effective plays.

The Dancers. *Broadhurst*—Good theatre, with Richard Bennett at the head of an equally good cast.

Duse Repertory. *Century*—"La Citta Morta," Tuesday and Friday matinees.

The Failures. *Garrick*—To be reviewed later.

Grand Guignol. *Frolic*—Get frightened in French.

Hamlet. *Manhattan Opera House*—Beginning a limited engagement of John Barrymore's *Hamlet*, the only one we ever understood.

The Lullaby. *Knickerbocker*—Florence Reed going from bad to worse in a most picturesque manner.

Moscow Art Theatre. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Russia's remarkable actors here for three more weeks.

Out of the Seven Seas. *Frazee*—To be reviewed later.

Queen Victoria. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Not much left to say about it except that, after a year, it is still the most gripping play in town.

Robert E. Lee. *Ritz*—To be reviewed later.

Scaramouche. *Morocco*—Unfortunately, not a motion picture.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Heavily acted drama of war-time Paris.

The Shame Woman. *Princess*—Backwoods sinning.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—The season's favorite subject receiving its best handling.

White Cargo. *Greenwich Village*—More sex, plus a bad climate.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Ask any one.

Aren't We All? *Gaiety*—Cyril Maude in pleasant British comedy.

The Camel's Back. *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed next week.

The Changelings. *Henry Miller's*—Intelligent comedy of modern manners, with an excellent cast including Henry Miller, Ruth Chatterton, Blanche Bates and Laura Hope Crews.

Chicken Feed. *Little*—Marriage problems lightly treated.

For All of Us. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Sweetness and light with William Hodge.

A Lesson in Love. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Emily Stevens and William Faversham in good stuff of its type—i. e., the regular type.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—One of the season's big laugh-producers for those who laugh easily. Otto Kruger and June Walker head the cast.

Nobody's Business. *Klaw*—Francine Larrimore as the girl who comes to New York to go straight. You know.

A Royal Fandango. *Plymouth*—Reviewed in this issue.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Swan. *Cort*—Delightfully intimate

glimpses of royalty, with Eva Le Gallienne and an excellent cast. Don't miss it.

The Whole Town's Talking. *Bijou*—Biff-bang farce, with, oddly enough, Grant Mitchell.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. *George M. Cohan's*—Form 1123 Musical Comedy, with Richard Carle and Billy B. Van to make it funnier.

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—For men only.

Battling Buttrick. *Schwyn*—Not bad. Not good, but not bad.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—Several excellent specialties more than making up for the dull stretches.

Little Jessie James. *Longacre*—You'll recognize one tune, at any rate.

Little Miss Bluebeard. *Lyceum*—Irene Bordoni, with eyes.

The Magic Ring. *Liberty*—For those who can't get enough of Mitzi.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—An expensive collection of girls, scenery, machinery and Irving Berlin's music. Item: Frank Tinney.

One Kiss. *Fulton*—To be reviewed later. **Poppy.** *Apollo*—Made notable by W. C. Fields and Madge Kennedy.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—The best Negro show since "Shuffle Along."

Sharlee. *Daly's*—To be reviewed later.

The Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Reviewed in this issue.

Topics of 1923. *Ambassador*—To be reviewed later.

Vanities of 1923. *Earl Carroll*—Joe Cook and a generally good revue.

Wildflower. *Casino*—Still the best music.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Fannie Brice, Ann Pennington and others in—well, the Follies.



"AND THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS ARE THE HARDEST"
America's celebrated doctrine was promulgated by President James Monroe on December 2, 1823.



"THE SHADOWY THIRD," by Ellen Glasgow (Doubleday, Page), is a book of grand, creepy stories. Not the kind that leaves you a little reluctant to turn out the bed light after finishing it. The phantoms which flit through two or three of the tales are not gruesome. In fact, there isn't a ghost in the book whom you would object to meeting socially. Those dealing with an evil influence, hereditary insanity and whether or not the saving of a life might in certain circumstances be immoral are pleasantly shivery, and there is one in which a vamp is foiled with no demands upon the supernatural or sinister.

The attempt of mystery writers to appear plausible amuses me. The formula varies so slightly. There is the old "I know this seems incredible. In fact, in the light of after years, I am inclined to think it was an optical illusion." And "I don't in the least pretend to know how or why this thing happened. I know only that it happened." And "I am beginning to wonder myself if the thing actually occurred." Well, all these old friends are in "The Shadowy Third." But Miss Glasgow marches right along after starting out with "I had no sooner entered the house than I knew something was wrong." I may be introducing an adjectival novelty, but somehow narration never seems quite so narrative as it does in mystery stories.

There is one wise crack at the smart young people of to-day which ought to be mentioned: "It is a generation which has grasped everything except personal responsibility."

I KNOW in the back of my head that work is man's salvation, and all that, but there are frequent moments in my life when it strikes me that it would be perfectly wonderful to have nothing in the world to do. All these novels arguing the question of a woman's having a career as well as a husband and children are beyond me. Granted that work of some kind is a necessity, why isn't one variety of it enough? When

plane of the bedtime story is turning her gradually into a moron, seeks an outlet for higher self-expression by working in a bureau investigating educational conditions in the Middle West. Educational conditions themselves are dull enough, but surely the bureaus investigating them are worse. *Catherine Hammond* didn't think that way, however. Not only was she willing to make the long trip back and forth twice a day, but

she cooked the dinner and washed the dishes for her family of five after putting in eight hours at the office.

It is only with the problem of "Labyrinth" that I quarrel, however, for, in spite of the commonplaceness of its background, it is a readable book. The characterizations are unusually photographic and true to type. You feel before you have finished that the *Hammonds* are real people and that you know them personally. In spite of *Catherine's* fineness and sportsmanship in a losing fight, you

side a bit with her husband. And so, I think, does the author.

ANOTHER volume has been added by E. P. Dutton & Co. to the Leonard Merrick series being printed over here, "The Man Who Was Good," with an introduction by J. K. Prothero. Merrick has many times been called the author's author, and the distinguished writers who are doing the prefaces for the American edition show plainly that they delight to honor him. To their enthusiasm I heartily subscribe, although I like "The Man Who Was Good" least of all his books so far.

(Continued on page 27)



Teacher: WHAT JOINTS ARE IN THE LUMBAR REGION?

"I THINK THEY'VE ALL BEEN CLOSED."

a passing minstrel can throw me completely out of my literary stride, what would a houseful of children be, plus the daily menus and the vagaries of servants? On the other hand, why should women with entertaining offspring and attractive domestic surroundings want to sit in a stuffy office all day and add up figures or make up charts? Moreover, the novels which argue this question never settle it. There is a good deal of plowing and seed-sowing, but no harvest.

"LABYRINTH," by Helen R. Hull (Macmillan), is another such book. The heroine, feeling that a life on the



"YES, I'VE A LOT OF THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR—THIS COCK-EAR, NOW—IF IT WAS PERFECT I'D BE EXPOSED TO DISTEMPER AND ALL KINDS OF AILMENTS CAUGHT IN DOG SHOWS FROM PORTLAND TO PITTSBURGH."



"AND THIS TAIL IS SURE THE GOODS—WHY, DIDN'T ONE OF MY LONG-TAILED FRIENDS LOSE HALF O' HIS SITTING TOO CLOSE TO AN AUTOMOBILE ONLY LAST WEEK?"



"AFTER LOOKING OVER SOME OF THE OTHERS, I'M SURE THANKFUL I WASN'T BURDENED WITH A LOT OF EXCESS HAIR."



"AGAIN THANKFUL THAT I AM ENDOWED WITH A RUGGED CONSTITUTION THAT HAS NOT BEEN IMPAIRED BY WEARING A FUR-LINED BLANKET AND LIVING UNDER A STEAM RADIATOR."



"THANKFUL, TOO, THAT I AM BLESSED WITH A HEALTHY DOG APPETITE AND DON'T TURN UP MY NOSE AT REAL FOOD WHEREVER I FIND IT."



"AND FINALLY, I AM MORE THAN THANKFUL THAT MY PAL IS A REGULAR GUY, A RED-BLOODED, RED-HEADED HE-BOY. THERE'S HIS WHISTLE NOW—I GOTTA BEAT IT."

PEP THE POOCH GIVES THANKS



Dinner Conversation

THE ladies had withdrawn, and the male element of the party, which assembled at one end of the table, were discussing over the coffee and cigars those events that most intrigued their daily lives: the closing stock-market prices, the results of yesterday's football game, the new eight-cylinder motor car, the train service to Locusthurst, the current rates on bootleg liquor....

The buzz of conversation soothed, rather than interested me, and I soon found my eyelids beginning to droop. Then, from somewhere, a man I had not previously observed drew up his chair next to mine, and in a low, musical voice, said: "This drivel bores you, doesn't it? Yes, I know. Well, it bores me, also. Always the same. Nothing worth hearing. Banal, dull, vapid. But tell me, do you remember anything of Palmyra, in northern Syria, with its Temple of the Sun, and Corinthian colonnade? And what do you know of its curious queen, Zenobia, and the fall of the city during her reign? But I must teach you the true story of the Man with the Iron Mask. I must reveal to you the strange secret of the 'Marie Céleste.' I must whisper to you the legend of the Helmet of Invisibility. And I must relate the history of the Copernican System."

On and on he rambled. He spoke of the Grande Mademoiselle—an appellation conferred upon Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, Duchesse de Montpensier; of the action of sulphuric acid upon aluminum; of the crimes of the Camorra; of 1911 Cordon Rouge; of the Shah Diamond; of the myth of Hippomenes; of the symbolism of flowers; of the Howling Dervishes of St. Dimitry; of the signs of the Zodiac; of the snake charmers of the Nile; of the technique of Monet; of cruising in the South Seas; of Virginia cigarettes; of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; of Swiss watches; of red caviar....

"Shouldn't we go in with the ladies?" some one suggested, and I murmured assent, out of habit, and turned to look at my diverting companion. But he had disappeared—he was nowhere to be seen, yet a second ago it had seemed he was at my elbow. Indeed, his last words were still ringing in my ears. But he had completely vanished, and I never set eyes upon him again that evening. Nor have I seen him since. But then, I have not been out to dinner recently.

C. G. S.

The Winter of His Content

IT was winter, and there was snow upon the ball field and ice upon the face of the scoreboard.

The announcer was out of a job. The man who in summer proclaimed through a megaphone that Blahahah was now battling for Umphrumpf had nothing to do.

Then inspiration dealt him a lightning blow. He applied as directed. He was hired.

That night, at the gilded palace of the silver screen, he and his megaphone preceded the feature film.

"Change in movie battin' order," he boomed professionally. "Blahahah now directin' for Super Pictures in place of Umphrumpf. Oogledffa now subtitlin' for Shrawah."

For anybody who can show the movie people new ways to mention their names to the public is sure of getting on the payroll.

A. H. F.

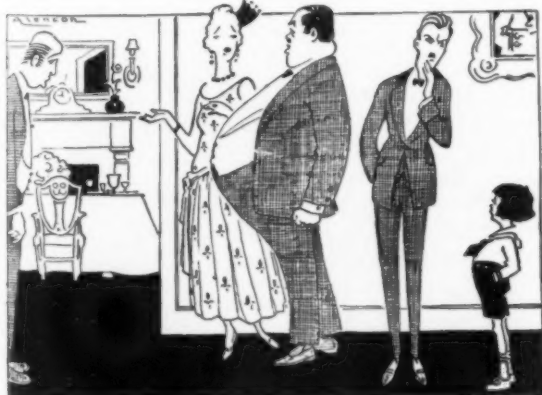


Old Professor Owl: I'M GREATLY SURPRISED, WILLIE SNAKE; YOU HAVE BEEN IN THE CLASS THREE MONTHS AND YET YOU ARE UNABLE TO MULTIPLY.
Willie: WELL, YOU KNOW, TEACHER, I AM ONLY A LITTLE ADDER.

Embarrassment of Riches

THE settlement teacher met Mrs. Day, who had the usual extensive mountaineer family, and inquired why the two girls had not come to school.

"Woman," she replied, "hit don't seem as if I could get those girls ready to go. Yer see, the baby this year was twins."



Junior: BUT, DAD, YOU SAID THAT WE WERE GOING TO HAVE A LARGE FAMILY PARTY ON THANKSGIVING.
Dad: SH!—THERE HE IS. UNCLE JACK IS YOUR MOTHER'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE.

On Listening to a Symphony

WHAT ecstasy is this? What magic wings
Beat low beneath those golden flights of sound,
Till men and women from the Wheel of Things
Are, for one blessed interval, unbound?
Life cannot be as bitter as it seems...
Mortals are far, far more than earthen clods...
The cellos waft me into noble dreams,
I wander for a time among the gods.
And oh, the final movement! All the pain
That seared the master's soul and broke his heart
Is mirrored in its musical despair...
Great Scott! When I came in, it looked like rain.
I sit up with a reminiscent start,
And wonder if that taxi will be there. B. L.

Laconics

IT takes two to make a quarrel and three to make it interesting.

* * *

A beaten candidate in politics never knows whether he has a defeat to live down or a moral victory to live up to.

* * *

A man's prejudice is mental, a woman's sentimental.

* * *

The most fascinating of all things is a secret—provided you don't know it.

THE SILENT DRAMA



"A Woman of Paris"

THAT Charlie Chaplin is the greatest man of his time is a subject for debate, but not on this page. There is no room here for argument on that score, and those who want to dispute with me about it will have to look elsewhere for an arena.

I have been moderately sure of my ground ever since I saw "Tillie's Punctured Romance," nine years ago; having now observed "A Woman of Paris," I am in a position to drop the "moderately."

"A Woman of Paris" is not a comedy, and Chaplin himself does not appear in its cast of characters. But for all that, it is as essentially Chaplinesque as "A Dog's Life" or "The Kid." In it, he has merely reversed his usual formula; instead of introducing a querulous note of tragedy in a symphony of laughter, he has equipped his orchestra with sorrowful music, with a comic counterpoint assigned to an inconspicuous soprano saxophone.

The story that he has written—of a French girl who is accidentally torn from her lover and turned loose on the

boulevards of Paris—is obvious enough to have been composed by almost any scenario school student. But Chaplin has developed his idea so deftly, so surely, and with such complete understanding of the essential simplicity of humanity, that he has made it seem eminently real. If there are touches of hamness (and there are), they are lost in the shadow of his tremendous realism.

It is beautifully acted, by Adolph Menjou, Edna Purviance and Carl Miller, each of whom reflects much of the genius of Chaplin himself. Mr. Menjou in particular is positively inspired; playing the part of a dissolute bachelor and despoiler of innocent womanhood, he manages to be graceful, gay and perfectly likable.

I DON'T know whether that Paramount School in Hollywood is still running, but if it is, I suggest that all its pupils—directors and actors alike—be made to study carefully every foot of film in "A Woman of Paris." It will teach them much about the art of expression that they have never known before and, apparently, have never cared to know.

It is probably the worst picture of the current year.

"Woman Proof"

ONCE more have George Ade and Thomas Meighan combined to make a comedy that is stamped with sincerity, fidelity to fact, and homely humor. "Woman Proof" is not a thrillingly original story, nor is it adorned with any spectacular quality of suspense; but it does move pleasantly and it is funny enough to educe many legitimate laughs from its audience.

George Ade is one author who seems to have recognized the movies—and that they can provide a worthy medium for the expression of his ideas. Moreover, he has limited his activities to the inside of a movie studio and has done no crusading at Authors' League banquets. With the result that he has been responsible for three excellent pictures.

The author who asks querulously, "What's wrong with the movies?" should have a good long talk with George Ade before writing his next article for the *Bookman*.

Robert E. Sherwood.



THOMAS MEIGHAN IN "WOMAN PROOF"

"The Temple of Venus"

IF Charlie Chaplin seeks to be radical on the screen, William Fox can be counted on to restore the balance with a picture that is of the movies, by the movies and for the movie fans.

"The Temple of Venus" is described as a fantasy, purporting to bring ancient Greek mythology to the sun-kist shores of California. In reality, it is a display of feminine flesh (of the sort that the shrewd Mack Sennett abandoned three years ago)—a veritable one-piece conference.

Thousands of nymphs in fur-trimmed Greek dresses disport themselves awkwardly on the burning sands, while a drama of mother-love, rural virtue and metropolitan villainy is enacted apologetically on the side.



CHARLES THE FIRST OF HOLLYWOOD



Mother's Voice: SKIPPY! GET UP! EIGHT O'CLOCK!
"ALL RIGHT, MA, JUS' A MINUTE, I'M BZ-ZZZ—"



Mother's Voice: SKIPPY! UP! EIGHT O'CLOCK!
"I'M UP, MA! GEE! GIVE A FELLOW A SHOW,
I'M COMIN' BZ-ZZZ-ZZZ—"



Mother's Voice: YOUNG MAN! I'M NOT GOING
TO CALL YOU AGAIN!
"COMIN', COMIN' JUS' SOON AS I FIND THIS OTHER
SHOE—BZZ—ZZ—ZZ—"



Brother's Voice: MAMA, CAN I HAVE SKIPPY'S
BUCKWHEAT CAKES?—HE AIN'T GETTIN' UP.



Skippy: YOU LEAVE THEM BUCKWHEAT CAKES
ALONE, YA DARN KID!

THE KID GETS A RISE OUT OF SKIPPY



Tabloid Drama

"I dunno that I wanna get married, Mazie. It wouldn't be excitin' like in th' movies. They ain't even one awful scandal in my past that I could worry about my husband findin' out."

—*New York Sun and Globe.*

Drudgery

Truth will out, even in advertisements, as another misprint shows:

"Wanted, a general servant to do the work of a small horse."

—*London Daily News.*

The Giftie

"Wha' brand o' bacca are ye smokin', Jock?"

"I dinna ask him!"

—*Bystander (London).*

AMERICAN arrested in Rome. When in Rome don't as Romans don't.

—*Detroit News.*



AT THE ZOO

First Lion: NICEISH GIRL—
WHAT?

Second Lion: NOT BAD—AS HUMANS GO, I SUPPOSE. CAN'T SAY I'M VERY INTERESTED. I'VE DINED.

—*Passing Show (London).*

The Wrong Wire

SCENE—An apartment on West 99th Street. Telephone rings.

AGITATED VOICE: Good heavens! I'm at 59th Street and I just discovered that I haven't on a petticoat.

AGONIZED MOTHER: Merciful gracious! Is that you, Blanchey?

AGITATED VOICE: "Blanchey"? No; I must be on the wrong wire.

ANGRY MOTHER: Young woman, get off the wire and get on your petticoat.

—*New York World.*

O Sovereign Jove!

Speaking of "Edipus Rex," one of the numerous extras, a battered trouper of the old school, who had been engaged to support Sir John Martin-Harvey in Sophocles's drama, was asked by a friend what part he took.

"Well," he replied, "Martin-Harvey plays Edipus and I'm one of the wrecks."—*New York Herald.*

The Poet Laureate

... Dr. Robert Bridges: a fine scholar, a true poet, the only Laureate who has never sold his birthright for a Potted Message.

—*London Daily Express.*

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from.....



Life and Letters

(Continued from page 20)

Purely because of its material, however. It deals with a thoroughly good woman in a setting totally void of highlights. That is saying about enough, I think. But the Merrick touch is there, and his old, underlying idea that the spirit can remain unbroken in the face of the most distressing and pitiful odds.

And how distressing and pitiful Merrick can make them! When I realized that another of his heroines was setting off for London with only a pound in her pocket, I knew exactly what was going to happen. And it did. The poor get poorer in a Merrick novel with incredible rapidity. And he makes their anguish seem so real that the reader reacts to it physically as well as sympathetically. When *Mary* finished that meagre tea which she bought with her last pence, I subconsciously drifted in the direction of the icebox. Her experience as a book agent touches the springs of tragedy.

Merrick knows much about the life of the theatre and much about London. He also, as has so often been said of him, knows a good deal about women. The thing I like best about him is that he never mentions the last fact himself.

"SILK," by Samuel Merwin (Houghton Mifflin), is romance and adventure to the nth degree, and not underwritten in any sense by the houses of Cheney or Mallinson, as you may have imagined. Don't be afraid to begin it. You won't strike a single cocoon or silk worm. Instead, it deals with the adventures of *Jan Po* on a secret mission to learn where the great silk export of China is going. There is plenty of true love and hair-breadth escaping and also a splendid chance for Mr. Merwin to make the most of what he knows about China.

Diana Warwick.

Out Front

"OH, look! There's the actor that played in that what-you-call-it play by Thingamajig last winter....And in the next act she falls in love with him.... Doesn't that look just like a real moon!...Yes, this is the living-room of his house at Versailles....Who's that with Harry Stuffleby?...I bet the fellow with the beard did it....No, this is twenty-seven years later....Is that a toupee he's wearing?...I knew all the time he was the detective....Do you think she's crying or just pretending? ...We haven't missed so much. It's only quarter to ten....I wish you'd ask the usher for a program....And there are the Flufflewits in the first row.... Is that a real baby?...Doesn't the villain look just like Jack Muttelford?... I wonder what the next train is after the eleven-ten."

Overtime in Making Reduces Overtime in Selling

SUCCESS is another word for overtime.

And the more overtime there is in the merchandise the less overtime it takes to find a market.

The success of Lucky Strike was instantaneous because the production of Lucky Strike was delayed 45 minutes for the Toasted Process. And the sale of Lucky Strike continues to grow by leaps and bounds because we have never departed from the basic principles of the original Toasted Formula.

We still take 45 minutes Overtime to seal the flavor in.

But it doesn't take any Overtime at all to keep the flavor sold.

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The American Tobacco Co.

**CHANGE TO THE BRAND
THAT NEVER CHANGES**





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*Holly Inn Opens Jan. 7th
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No other place in the world entertains so many golfers, amateurs and professionals, season after season, as Pinehurst.
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Championship events in every field of sport thru the season.
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N. C.



The Curtain Raiser

Two richly dressed and important-looking women came into a theatre the other evening where "The Covered Wagon," the season's most important photoplay, was the attraction.

The picture was already showing when they were escorted to their seats.

As they walked down the aisle one of the women turned to her companion and exclaimed:

"We're early, dear. Look! We're here in time for the movie."

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Condition, Not Theory

HOBBS: I really believe you have stopped your worrying. What brought about the change?

DOBBS (cheerfully): My troubles are more real than they used to be.

—*Boston Transcript.*

That's All

"Why do you look at stock quotations when you don't intend to speculate?"

"Oh, just bucket shopping."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

LIFE's holiday injunction—do your Christmas Number shopping early. On sale everywhere December 6.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Logical Refusal

A prominent citizen of Richmond, Virginia, whose addiction to the cup that cheers drove him abroad with the first onslaught of Prohibition, was enjoying all the liberty of inebriation in a small, out-of-the-way inn in a Swiss village. He occupied the choice room on the first floor—a room that was very much desired by a prominent social matron who had the rest of the floor for her daughter.

Finally, the ex-resident of Richmond received the following note: "Mrs. Reggie de Vaux presents her compliments to Mr. John Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, and requests that he kindly give up his room on the first floor, since it is adjacent to Mrs. de Vaux's suite, and she would like to have it for her daughter."

In answer Mrs. de Vaux received the following: "Mr. John Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, presents his compliments to Mrs. Reggie de Vaux, and desires to know if her daughter drinks."

Mrs. de Vaux indignantly wrote back: "Mrs. Reggie de Vaux again presents her compliments to Mr. John Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, and desires to state emphatically that her daughter does not drink."

Which called forth the unanswerable ultimatum from Mr. Smith: "Mr. John Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, again presents his compliments to Mrs. Reggie de Vaux, and desires to state that, since her daughter does not drink, it is easier for her to go up to the second floor than Mr. Smith, who does."

—*London Opinion.*

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Time to Re-tire?
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FISK

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OPENS DECEMBER 7TH

For reservations apply to
L. A. TWOROGER CO.

Cable Address, Princess Bermuda

Honorary Membership

The doctor was sitting in his office one day when the telephone rang.

"Is this Dr. Blank?" inquired a female voice, the owner of which was evidently laboring under great excitement.

"It is," was the reply.

"Well, you are wanted at the butchers' picnic right away."

"What has happened?" asked the doctor, as he reached with his disengaged hand for the inevitable little black bag.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply. "The boys want you to come up here and join the union."—*Argus (Seattle).*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Chink, Chink, Chinaman

Wing Fu found that his watch refused to go and took it into a local jewelry store to have it fixed. The clerk examined the watch carefully.

CLERK: It'll cost you \$6.50 to have it fixed.

WING FU: Him cost all that?

CLERK: Yes, it needs a lot of fixing.

WING FU: Mebbe you can make him go a li'l foh two dollah fifty cents?

—*Toronto Telegram.*

SHORT-SIGHTED LADY (in grocery): Is that the head cheese over there?

SALESMAN: No, ma'm; that's one of his assistants.

—*New York Sun and Globe.*

A Christmas Plum Pudding and from DEAN'S



PRITHEE, gentle lady, hast known that for four and eighty years New York's fairest and gayest have seen to it that their Christmas Plum Puddings and their Christmas Cakes come from Dean's? Alas, you really must order early now. New York's old and new families of consequence feel that nothing but Dean's, in the way of plum puddings and cakes, really expresses Christmas. Why? There just are no other Plum Puddings and Christmas Cakes like Dean's.

Prices on request

Orders of Three Dollars or more prepaid East of the Mississippi

628 Fifth Avenue

Dean's

New York City

Established 1839

A common-sense evidence—on quality footwear—that the shoes are made for the wearer's convenience—*Shoe Lacing Hooks*. Your retailer can sell you shoes with lacing hooks.

Insist on having what you want!



EXTRAORDINARY BEHAVIOR IN AN ELEVATOR OF SEVERAL GOLFERS WHEN JONES CALLS HIS FLOOR.

THE CHRISTMAS

Life

OUT NEXT WEEK

Everybody but Mr. Scrooge, Jeremiah, and Wm. H. Anderson is requested, nay urged, to lay in a stock of Christmas fun and jollity by edging up to the nearest news-stand and buying next week's issue.

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What's the Hurry?

HAVE you ever wondered where the people who are always in a hurry are hurrying to? Have you ever wanted to know, as you were being bumped, kicked, cuffed and trodden on, what the terrible rush was about, where the fire was, and why you had not been told about the earthquake?

Let us consider a few individual cases.

Who is that gentleman with the black slouch hat and the baggy trousers hurrying down Forty-second Street—the one who has just knocked off the old lady's glasses? That is a well-known theatrical manager hurrying to get a handful of his favorite cigars from the office safe.

That messenger boy who is going down Sixth Avenue at so terrific a clip has an important message to deliver in the opposite direction and is hurrying away from it so that he can walk back at his leisure.

But that important-looking gentleman going towards Wall Street is surely hurrying to a momentous conference involving millions? Not at all. He is hastening to join the little group down the street that is watching the hawk demonstrate a patent collar-button. He will stay there an hour.

That distinguished gentleman almost running up Fifth Avenue is in a hurry to get to his club before somebody takes his favorite seat at the window. And those two flappers right behind him are hurrying up the Avenue so they can hurry back again.

But look! Who are those two dapper young men who stroll so leisurely through all the hurrying crowd?

Oh! they are two burglars who have just perpetrated a daylight robbery and are sauntering away with the loot.

S. H.



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Toy Music

He's there at morn and he's there at night,
Peddling his toy violins,
A queer little raggedy whiskered wight,
Emblazoned with safety-pins.

He fiddles a tune for the passing throng
And nothing disturbs his poise,
Not even the silencing of his song
In the city's commotion and noise.

Oh, I've seen him play for a decade or more,
And though you hear never a sound,
He fiddles away in the rumble and roar,
Content, though the music be drowned.

No one can chase him; a license has he.
And, looking supremely wise,
He plays whatever the tune may be. . . .
And sometimes a lady buys.

A toy musician I've also become,
I've a little toy lyre with strings,
And the noises I make as I strum and strum
Are drowned in the rush of things.

And as with the fiddler, no mortal can drive
Me away, though my playing be
A cacophonous kind of music, for I've
A poetical license, you see.

So I plink away on my little toy lyre,
It's wonderful exercise;
What more can a tuppenny singer desire?
And sometimes an editor buys.

E. A.

Lloyd George

JUST after Lloyd George arrived, twelve fairly representative men were asked their opinions of him.

Six thought he was undoubtedly a clever man, but somewhat limited by a changeable political viewpoint.

Four—a remarkable character, but somewhat given to hypnotizing his opponents.

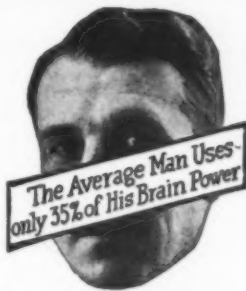
One—good man, but Redmond the ideal.

One—what about the Black and Tans?

When told that Lloyd George looked upon George Washington as a founder of modern Britain, ten changed their minds immediately and said they admired him, one said he was all right but should have been born in Ireland, and the other said it was all British propaganda anyway.

The merry Yule-log—LIFE's annual Christmas Number. On sale next week at all news-stands.

The Biggest Failures ARE THOSE Who Work Hardest



Everybody knows the bookkeeper who works 10 or 12 hours a day, without ever getting anywhere. He begins life on a salary of \$15 a week and ends it in penury on a pension. He is not the only one. The harassed subdepartment head working after hours, the clerk, buried under a mass of detail, the merchant who stays "on watch" in his store from opening to closing time without achieving a margin of profit large enough to expand and grow on—they all end the same way.

Will You Be One of Them?

Statistics show that over 54 per cent of all men are dependent at 60. Why? Men are nearly all ambitious; most of them are "hard workers." Yet they do not succeed! They simply never learn how to use their natural gifts!

You will never succeed merely by working hard. You can succeed only by developing your mind to its fullest capacity and by learning to use it efficiently. Science has shown that most men use only 35 per cent of their brain power.

Pelmanism, the science of applied psychology, will teach you to put all your faculties in action. It will teach you to overcome mind wandering, forgetfulness, mental sluggishness, weak will-power, lack of personality. It will train you to concentrate, to be methodical, to remember the things you should remember—it will increase your power of perception, give you a more alert and disciplined mind, enable you to approach any ordinary task with a feeling of self-confidence and power.

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We hesitate to say too much about Pelmanism. We prefer to understate rather than overstate. A born fool will doubtless remain one, with Pelmanism or without it. If anyone's will-power is so weak and his regard for his future is so small that he will not give 20 to 30 minutes a day to self-development, Pelmanism cannot help him.

But an average man or woman cannot fail to benefit by it. And results will show within a few weeks. Thousands of Pelmanists testify that the course has helped them amazingly. They tell of the development of faculties whose existence they scarcely suspected, of incomes increased one hundred, two hundred, and as high as a thousand per cent. These testimonials are hard facts—proof positive of the value of these scientific secrets of the mind. Can you afford to miss your opportunity?

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Books Received

Splashing into Society, by Iris Barry (Dutton).
The Middle Passage, by Daniel Chase (Macmillan).
Trust a Boy! by Walter H. Nichols (Macmillan).
Merrimeg, by William Bowen (Macmillan).
A Reversion to Type, by E. M. Delafield (Macmillan).
Finding Oneself in the Universe, by Jean Berry (Putnam).
The Story of The Bible, by Hendrik Van Loon (Boni & Liveright).
The Cinder Buggy, by Garet Garrett (Dutton).
Barbrv, by Henry M. Rideout (Duffield).
Martha, by Ethel E. Mannin (Duffield).
The Hope of Happiness, by Meredith Nicholson (Scribner).
Here's to the Gods, by Austin Parker (Harper).
Collected Poems, by W. H. Davies (Harper).
The Hero of the Filipinos, by Charles Edward Russell (Century).
With the Gilt Off, by A. St. John Adcock (Putnam).
Lummo, by Fannie Hurst (Harper).
Undertow, by Henry K. Marks (Harper).
Ma Cheuk, by Edgar S. Winters (Dutton).
Anya Kovalchuk, by Clarence Wilbur Taber (Covici-McGee).
Open All Night, by Paul Morand (Seltzer).
The Hopeful Journey, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Seltzer).
Children of Loneliness, by Anzia Yezierska (Funk & Wagnalls).

Bla, Bla, Bla!

"I SUPPOSE you've all heard the joke about the negro boy who was walking along the road one day in a certain Southern town, when he encountered a raccoon in the middle of the road..."

"I hope I shan't make the mistake that was made by a certain professional reformer, well known in the West, who was lost in the woods one day as a result of searching for a garage, when suddenly..."

"Ladies and gentlemen: I've never made a speech and I don't intend to begin now. In fact, I'm in much the same position as the Irishman who went sailing across the sea to the old country for the first time and shared his stateroom with an old Hebrew. This old Hebrew carried a small package with him wherever he went and he was very jealous of it—in fact, so jealous that he refused to even let the Irishman see it. Well, it seems..."

"And I'd like to tell you a story about the difference between an optimist and a pessimist. If an optimist has a corkscrew and tries to open a bottle with it and the corkscrew breaks..."

"That reminds me about the one of the negro boy who was out walking in a Northern city one day, when he came upon a 'possum in the middle of the street..."

A. C.

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Our New Language

MANY years ago, when I was still engaged in the quiet pursuit of knowledge, I chanced to dabble a bit in Esperanto, that lingual mechanism destined to unite the world; and I dabbled in it just enough to discover that every noun ended in "o" and my patience long before that. Recently, however, I have begun to think that we are not so much approaching a universal language as we are a complete disintegration of our own tongue into dialects of vocation. If innocent nouns continue to over-develop into ultra-modern verbs we may well expect something like the following:

Chauffeur: Madam, cook has asked me to axle down to the butcher's and tonneau home some chops for dinner.

Army Captain: Yes, Colonel, we artilliered an hour, caissoned back to camp, and beaned and coffeed at six.

Doctor: Well, I tonsiled him closely but I couldn't adenoid his case at all.

Teacher: Now, class, for to-morrow I want you to binomial three theorems and syntax the next ten sentences.

D. McC.

PAT: Oi wouldn't throw ye a rope if ye was drownin'.

MIKE: Oi wouldn't touch it if ye did.

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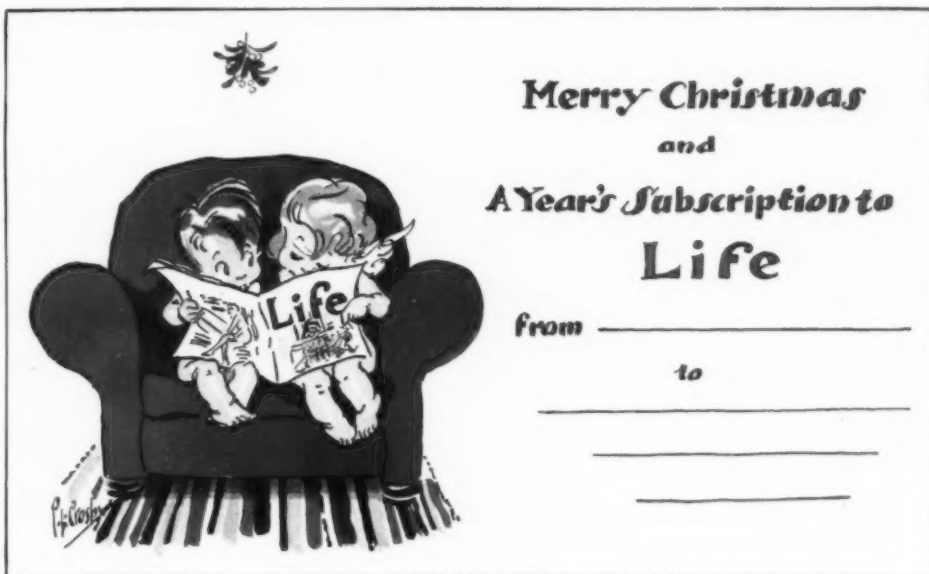
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Where My Dear Lady Sleeps	



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Carissima	} 897 1.50
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Deep River (with Orpheus Quartet)	} 527 1.50
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